THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 29, 1805.

Biographical Sketch of Samuel Whitbread, Esq.

THE pride or the contempt of anceſtry is equally worthy of ridicule. In England we appreciate deſcent with tolerable juſtice, and no one heſitates to ſet a St. Vincent or a Nelſon, who firſt ennobled their families, above the peer who has no merit in himſelf, and claims our attention only for ſimilar actions, performed by a remote anceſtor. If eſteem is to follow parentage, aſſuredly the nearer one is in the line of deſcent to him who is moſt worthy of eſteem in that line, the greater muſt be the value which we ſhoúld fix to the deſcent of an individual, and the praiſe of a father adds to and receives luſtre from the praiſe of a ſon. This ſentiment is deeply impreſſed on all who have had that real advantage of birth, to derive their origin from a man of a noble and elevated mind, a mind independent of its ſtation in life; and which, whether abounding in wealth or oppreſſed by poverty can, both by example and precept, form to virtuous energy a riſing character. A ſon who has received from his father the gift of an excellent education, will, though it was unaccompanied by thoſe of fortune, on which the world ſets the moſt value, ever bleſs his memory; and if on looking round a ſpacious domain he can add, theſe were the acquiſitions of a parent ever attentive to my welfare, and never forgetful of that of others, whoſe honourable induſtry, virtue, and talents were crowned with ſucceſs, and whoſe proſperity did not narrow his heart, but enlarged only his power and his wiſh to indulge in benevolent actions, ſuch a ſon will not want for muſty rolls of parchment to confer honour on his name, but delights in looking up to his father, as an ever-pleaſing incitement, to proceed in the paths of virtue, integrity, and patriotiſm.

The family of Mr. Whitbread's father was little ſuperior to that which gave in the laſt century a chancellor to England, and an earldom to the Hardwicke family, and in ſo doing mixed the blood of the ſhopkeepers of Dover with that of the chief families of the united kingdom. His father lived at the Barns at Cardington in Bedfordſhire, and the ſon, after the uſual education for buſineſs, was ſent to London, and qualified himſelf in the ſituation of an apprentice, for his future extenſive concerns. The life of a man in trade, who is purſuing the path to wealth, cannot be expected to furniſh many anecdotes, and ſome great eſtabliſhment muſt bring him forward to the notice of the public. His riſe in the world was ſeen in the erecting of the brewery in Chiſwell-ſtreet, an eſtabliſhment at the time, far ſuperior to any England had ever witneſſed, and in which ſuch care had been taken in every department, that it ſtill remains a monument of ſuperior ſkill and induſtry, and is not ſurpaſſed even now by thoſe which have adopted the lateſt improvements. In this ſituation he accumulated a large fortune; public eſtimation gave it in the round ſum of a million at leaſt, but in nothing is the public more deceived than in thoſe calculations, and a landed property may be very extenſive, when the proprietary derives little advantage from its rents.

The fortune was large enough to ſet him on a footing with the country gentlemen of the firſt landed property in England: and the affection he retained for his native place, at which after his father's death he ſpent much of his time, gave him the opportunity of ingratiating himſelf with the town of Bedford, which was happy to return frequently to parliament ſuch a repreſentative, and to poſſeſs a patron ever ſtudious to promote its intereſts. His noble benefactions during life, and bequeſt at death, to this town, live in the grateful memory of every inhabitant, and naturally ſecured the ſeat to his ſon. In parliament he did not often ſpeak, but when he did, was liſtened to with attention: and his remarks on the inequality of the land tax, on a corn bill in relief of a great ſcarcity in 1788, and on the loan of that year, and on the evaſion of the receipt tax, diſplay that ſoundneſs of judgement which was a principal feature in his character. Thus application, and induſtry, and talent, raiſed him, in the courſe of fifty years, to a height which few attain. In the city he was known as the firſt brewer and one of the moſt opulent men of his times; in Portman-ſquare his manſion diſplayed the elegance of the man of rank; and at Cardington, or Bedwell Park, he was the country gentleman, diſtinguiſhed by his liberality and hoſpitality; every where he carried with him the ſatisfaction of an honeſt conſcience, and a benevolence which was not diminiſhed by the increaſe of fortune.

The brewhouſe, erected by Mr. Whitbread, was an object of univerſal admiration and curioſity, and in the year 1787 attracted the

the attention of the king and the royal family. It is needleſs to ſay that every thing was done by the proprietor to give ſatisfaction to his royal viſitors; that the brewhouſe was ſhewn in its uſual form, with only thoſe accommodations under foot, that were neceſſary for a female party; and that magnificence and elegance were reſerved for the repaſt in the interior of the manſion. The viſit, however, did not eſcape the notice of a ſatyrical poet, who delighted in placing in a ridiculous light the minuteſt actions of his ſovereign, and conceived that much wit was diſplayed in endeavouring to bring into contempt the man of malt, and the admiration excited by the powers and ſtructure of a ſteam engine. The public, however, could not in this inſtance be deluded; the man of malt they interpreted a man who had acquired his property by malt, which appeared to them juſt as laudable as to acquire the means of living by the rents of an eſtate: and little heſitation ſhall we feel in theſe days, to ſet the loweſt man of malt far in worth and honour above the peer of peculation.

After an honourable life Mr. Whitbread died in the year 1796, at his houſe in Bedwell Park, Hertfordſhire, univerſally reſpected, and in the 76th year of his age. His firſt wife was Harriet, the daughter of Mr. Hayton, an eminent attorney in London, to whom he was married in 1757, and who died in 1764. The preſent member for Bedford and two daughters were the iſſue of this marriage. Of theſe daughters the eldeſt was married to Mr. Gordon, of More-Park, Hertfordſhire, in 1789, and the younger to Lord St. John, of Bletſoe.

In 1769, Mr. Whitbread married a ſecond time, and allied his name to that of the preſent Marquis Cornwallis, whoſe ſiſter gave to him one daughter, of whom ſhe died in child birth in 1770. This daughter was afterwards married to Captain Grey, the third ſon of Lord Grey.

From ſuch a father as we have deſcribed, no one can doubt that Mr. Whitbread, the preſent member for Bedford, received the beſt education which this country can afford; an education, which if in ſome points deficient, is in many reſpects well adapted to young men of great expectations, and far ſuperior to what prevails in moſt foreign countries. At Eton he formed an intimate acquaintance with Lambton, afterwards member for Durham, and Grey the preſent member for Northumberland, and this was kept up in the univerſity of Cambridge, where, Mr. Whitbread, after a ſhort ſtay at Chriſt Church, Oxford, was happy to join his old ſchoolfellows, who were at Trinity-college, and he was admitted at St. John's-college, the college adjoining. Here he ſtayed 'till he took his degree of bachelor of arts in the year 1785, after which he went a very extenſive tour on the continent, accompanied by Mr. Coxe, fellow of King's-college, a gentleman whoſe deſcription of this tour and other writings

prove him to have been well-qualified for the charge. The appointments, on this occaſion, were agreeable to the liberal turn of mind of the father, and Mr. Whitbread in ſtudying men and manners in ſuch company, was enabled to appreciate the advantages of his own country, and to inveſtigate the political relations of the courts of Europe, and to cultivate a taſte for thoſe arts, which adorn the reſidence of a country gentleman.

After his return from the continent, he entered into a matrimonial connection with the ſiſter of his friend and ſchoolfellow, Mr. Grey, to whom he was married at Falloden, in Northumberland, on January 26, 1788. In politics the two friends were united, and they joined the banners of oppoſition in parliament, Mr. Grey more frequently leading the attack on the miniſter. Mr. Whitbread did not ſpeak often, but what he ſpoke was always to the purpoſe, and upon his father's death, to his parliamentary occupations were added thoſe of the houſe in Chiſwell-ſtreet, and of an extenſive landed property, labouring under many incumbrances. Poſſeſſing in the houſe at Chiſwell-ſtreet the chief concerns, which he ſtill retains, he could not but be well converſant with buſineſs, and a very important part of the trade of this country, and the erecting of an elegant manſion, with the ſettling of ſo complicated affairs as were left by his father, gave full employment to an active mind, which at the ſame time was fully attentive to the duties of parliament.

Confidence is obtained by ſlow degrees, and when, after repeated trials, it is well placed, cannot eaſily be ſhaken. Mr. Whitbread's conduct was ſuch as gradually to raiſe him in the eſtimation of his own party, and to give him in the apprehenſion of the other the character of one of the heads of the oppoſition. To theſe every one would look, when Lord Melville became ſo marked an object of public inquiry; and, as it was certain, that no one of Mr. Pitt's, and very improbable that any one of Mr. Addington's party, ſhould take the lead in bringing forward any charge againſt the delinquent, Mr. Whitbread was of courſe among thoſe few, whom the public would expect to move upon ſuch an occaſion. Thoſe few, probably, were only four in number, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Grey, and Mr. Whitbread. Mr. Fox would naturally decline it on either of two grounds: as the head of oppoſition he might be ſaid to bring it forward only as a party queſtion, but the natural generoſity of his temper would ſway more ſtrongly with him, and he would have been ſorry to deprive a younger friend of the honour of ſuch an undertaking. Mr. Sheridan's wit, in which he is unrivalled, might excite too much laughter in the houſe, and, as he cannot hold a tight rein upon it, and beſides a great degree of attention was requiſite to many parts of a complicated queſtion, no one of his friends could poſſibly wiſh him to undertake ſo arduous a commiſſion,

miſſion. The precipitation of Mr. Grey, in diverting the attention of the houſe from a queſtion, in which ſo much caution was requiſite, to a trifling charge againſt the printer of a newſpaper, in which he was ſo completely foiled, forbids us to imagine, that he could have purſued that ſteady courſe, which alone could bring his efforts to a ſucceſsful concluſion.

The knowledge of buſineſs, which Mr. Whitbread poſſeſſes, enabled him to develope the mixtly accounts of Mr. Trotter and Lord Melville: the eaſe of acceſs to him, a point in which Engliſh politicians are in general ſadly deficient, would naturally lay open new ſources of information: his application and ſound judgment enſured caution and accuracy in bringing forward the charge, and in every ſtep of its progreſs; a mode of ſpeaking ſuited to the ſolemnity of the occaſion, a firmneſs and deciſion not to be diverted by accidental circumſtances, a willingneſs to concede, where it could be done with propriety, and a deſire to obtain juſtice for the country without any malignity to the delinquent, theſe well known qualities in his character marked him as the fitteſt perſon to purſue the moſt important meaſure, in which the country has for a long time been intereſted.

Neither the expectations of the public nor thoſe of his friends were deceived. What appears the ſimpleſt and the fitteſt mode at the concluſion of an affair is ſeldom that which will be employed by any, but thoſe of a found judgement and experience in life. Mr. Whitbread, perſuaded in his own mind of the guilt of the delinquent, and the miſconduct of his colleague, took the whole in the right point of view, and ſaw nothing to ſatisfy completely the ends of juſtice, but an impeachment of the one, and a cenſure of the other. The leading points of the tenth report were laid before the houſe in a maſterly manner, and it agreed to Mr. Whitbread's reſolution, that Lord Melville had been guilty of a violation of the law and a high breach of duty. A queſtion carried by a majority of only one, ſhewed the wiſdom of the courſe which Mr. Whitbread now purſued; and he very prudently contented himſelf with the reſolutions being reſpectfully laid at the foot of the throne. The holidays following immediately prevented farther purſuit, and it was evident, that all Mr. Pitt's friends would reſiſt to the utmoſt of their power. A perſon guilty of a high breach of duty was not fit to ſit in the king's councils, and as the miniſter had not adviſed his excluſion, a vote of the houſe was requiſite to enforce it. This would have been the next ſtep, if Mr. Pitt had not prevented it by his advice to the king, and conſequent diſmiſſion of Lord Melville from his office of counſellor.

A proſecution of the delinquent for his crimes was neceſſary, and an impeachment, a criminal proſecution, or a civil proſecution, divided the houſe. Mr. Whitbread would have gone ſteadily to his purpoſe: the civil proſecution was gained, but Mr.

Pitt

Pitt interfered, and thought a ſelect committee to examine farther into the tenth report might extricate his friend from his troubles, and deliver him from farther ſhame and diſgrace. The ſelect committee appointed by the miniſter himſelf met, but, inſtead of relieving the culprit, fixed the guilt more ſtrongly upon him. A motion for impeachment was neceſſary. Lord Melville in perſon defended himſelf before the houſe of commons, but injured very materially his own cauſe, and Mr. Whitbread brought forward, on the ſtrongeſt grounds, the motion for impeachment. The houſe would not accede to it, but taking a different courſe from what Mr. Whitbread had ſo wiſely purſued, voted a criminal proſecution. In either caſe the delinquent would be fairly tried, but the difficulties on that, which the houſe then choſe, tended to prove only the ſuperiority of Mr. Whitbread's judgment.

A few days after to the great ſurpriſe of thoſe who are not acquainted with the motives for inducing the friends of Lord Melville to prefer, upon reflection, a trial by impeachment, i. e. by his peers to that in a court below; a new turn was given to this proceeding, and that courſe which our patriotic commoner ſtrenuouſly and laudably endeavoured to have purſued, has been adopted by thoſe who before oppoſed it.

After Mr. Whitbread had apparently diſpoſed completely of the affair of Lord Melville, it remained to bring forward Mr. Pitt's conduct to the notice of the public. This was done with equal judgement and propriety; and, if Mr. Whitbread did not obtain, as what could be done againſt ſo much power? the cenſures, which the caſe required, the friends of Mr. Pitt were compelled to allow the illegality of his conduct, and to bring forward, that which he himſelf was above demanding from the houſe, a bill of indemnity. Thus has Mr. Whitbread conducted himſelf in a very arduous poſt, and in every part of it has merited the thanks of his country. Theſe thanks have been conveyed to him in the moſt flattering terms, from various counties, cities, and boroughs, and to the applauſe of his fellow citizens, he has the ſatisfaction of uniting the teſtimony of the *mens conſcia recti*, the conſciouſneſs of rectitude, and an ardent zeal for the true intereſts of his country. Let us wiſh, that his example may be emulated by others, and that we may have more ſuch members in the houſe of commons, who can perform great public duties, and contented with the character of a repreſentative, not deſire the poſt of an officer in the executive government.

It is by conducting themſelves with ſimilar diſintereſtedneſs, and by ſerving their country inſtead of themſelves, that the independence of the repreſentatives of the people of the united kingdom can alone be maintained, and the country itſelf be preſerved from the vortex of corruption.

Deſcription of the Montanna Real, an extenſive Tract of Country bordering on the great River Amazon, in South America, and inhabited by the Aboriginal Indians.

IT may be neceſſary to premiſe to this deſcription an explanation of a word that frequently occurs in it; for probably many of our readers do not know, that in South America there are *valles* which are not vallies, and *montannas* which are not mountains. Without proper definitions of theſe terms, the geography of this extenſive tract of country becomes in a great meaſure unintelligible: and care muſt be taken not to confound the montanna with the ſierras, or the latter with the cordilleras.

In South America, *valle* denotes the flat low land bordering on the Great South Sea, and conſiſting, for the moſt part, of a ſandy ſoil. Theſe *valles* compoſe a narrow tract of country, which extends from Choco, or the ſeventh or eighth degree of northern, to the twenty-ſixth or twenty-eighth degree of ſouthern latitude. The breadth varies from eight to twenty miles. At the extremities of theſe plains the Andes gradually riſe to a height, which is not ſurpaſſed or equalled by any other mountain ridge in the old or new world. A part of this tract is inhabited, and it is only this inhabited part that bears the name of Sierra; ſo that the denomination of *valles* comprehends all the low country, which, from the eighth degree of north latitude to the twenty-eighth degree of ſouth latitude, is ſituated between the South Sea and the ſierras. The ſierras themſelves are a part of the Andes, being ſituated on the weſtern declivity of that ridge. At a very conſiderable height above the level of the ſea, they form a diſtinct country, which is divided and interſected by many mountains and deep valleys. The inhabitants of theſe extraordinary exalted regions, who have never been out of their native country, are apt to entertain a miſtaken notion, that the other habitable parts of the globe are ſituated equally high above the level of the ſea, whoſe great perpendicular diſtance below them ſeems to them altogether incredible and impoſſible. On the contrary, perſons, who have never aſcended to theſe exalted regions, can hardly perſuade themſelves of the exiſtence of ſuch a maſs of earth, towering above the ordinary ſurface of the globe, and extending many hundred miles in length and breadth. Thus, for inſtance, on this ſierra we find, at an elevation of 1462 toiſes above the level of the ſea, the city of Quito, and many other places at a nearly equal height. But, above this habitable tract, a more elevated chain of mountains, called the Cordilleras, riſe to the height of more than 6600 varas, and conſequently 2100 varas above the ſierras, the elevation of which is equal to that of the Alps.

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The reader will now be able to diſtinguiſh three diſtinct gradations of elevation, viz. the *valles*, or low country, on the ſea-coaſt; the ſierra, the high, but ſtill inhabited country; and, laſtly, the cordilleras, or ſummits of the Andes. Thence the cordilleras gradually decline towards the eaſt; and, at their feet, commences another low tract of country, which extends as far as the coaſt of Brazil, and is called Montanna Real, or Montanna de los Andes. There are, indeed, in this immenſe tract, ſome mountains of conſiderable height; but the greateſt part of it is low, flat, and covered with almoſt impenetrable foreſts, which, in South America, are called montannas; whence the whole country has received the ambiguous name of Montanna Real.

In former times, the cupidity of the Europeans, inflamed by the falſe reports of artful adventurers, led them to explore this country, in the vain hope of finding immenſe riches and treaſures. Many pompous tales were told about the kingdom of Dorado, and city of Manoa; of the extenſive ſtate of Paytili, and of Enim, abounding with gold and ſilver. The brother of the laſt inca, Atahualpa, was ſaid to have fled, with 40,000 followers, to the Montanna Real, and to have there founded the kingdom of Dorado. But, from the lateſt diſcoveries, we learn, that the vaunted kingdoms of Dorado, with its pretended capital, Manoa, conſiſts merely of a few ſcattered huts, on the banks of the river Manoa, the inhabitants of which are far from enjoying the wealth and proſperity attributed to them. On the whole, it muſt be owned, that we are ſtill but very imperfectly acquainted with this extenſive country. Even the Roman Catholic miſſionaries, notwithſtanding their zeal and exertions, have not penetrated far beyond the borders, chiefly following the courſe of the great river Amazon, to which they always returned, after venturing into theſe wilderneſſes. For the neweſt and moſt ſatisfactory accounts of this part of South America, we are indebted to the religious zeal of Father Narciſo Girval de Barcelo, a franciſcan friar, who failed about 400 leguas, from north to ſouth, up the Ucayali, and explored a tract of country above 700 miles in circumference. This indefatigable miſſionary has viſited twenty-five tribes of the native Indians, moſt of them hitherto entirely unknown to the Europeans. Of theſe tribes, the Panos, Cambos, Chipeos, and Piros, have, through his endeavours, been already converted to the Chriſtian religion; but the Amahuacas, Omaguas, Sentis, Sinabus, Mayorunas, Barbudos, Unirbus, Caſibos, Carapachos, Ante-Ingas, Chuntaquiros, Sumirinches, &c. ſtill adhere to their pagan errors, and ſavage mode of life.

Theſe tribes worſhip no other god but the moon; and they have neither idols nor temples. The Devil is called Nugi in their language: they abhor and dread him, as the ſole cauſe of all evil. Among moſt of them, a kind of community of goods

obtains, eſpecially with reſpect to articles of food. Thoſe who collect more than is neceſſary for their own ſubſiſtence diſtribute to the leſs ſucceſsful as much of their ſtock as they can ſpare. At their meals all the men ſeat themſelves on the ground in a circle, about earthen pots of their own manufacture, and painted with various bright colours. They devour the meat before it is half cooked. The women are not permitted to eat along with the men. As there are neither oxen, ſheep, nor horſes in this country, the natives ſubſiſt chiefly upon the fleſh of ſuch wild animals as are found in great abundance in their woods. The birds of various kinds, of which there are innumerable flocks, are devoured by the Indians with feathers, bills, and entrails! Not leſs abundantly are they ſupplied with fiſh. The manati (which is likewiſe called rexebuey, or ſea-cow) generally weighs from four to five hundred weight. Tortoiſes, too, are found, which weigh from three to four arrobas. The pavie or guama, which is twice as big as the ſhark, has an excellent flavour, and its tongue is ſo hard that it reſembles a file. They either catch the fiſh with an harpoon, or ſhoot them with arrows made of the hardeſt kind of wood. Such of them as cannot procure an iron, faſten to the points of their arrows, pieces of muſcle-ſhells, or a thorn, which latter they likewiſe fix to their fiſhing lines inſtead of hooks. The uſe of iron for ſuch purpoſes was firſt introduced among them by the European miſſionaries.

The tribes which inhabit the banks of the Ucayali are not united under a common head, except in time of war; when, on the contrary, the authority of their leader is very extenſive. When it is neceſſary to chooſe a commander in chief, they aſſemble, and ſelect ſuch as enjoy the greateſt reputation for cunning and valour. Theſe warriors are then obliged to undergo a ſevere probation, of the ſame kind as is deſcribed in the ſecond ſong of the Araucana, and is cuſtomary among the warlike inhabitants of Arauco in Chili; and he, who the longeſt and moſt patiently, and without betraying the leaſt feeling of pain, endures the torments inflicted upon him, is deemed worthy to lead them againſt their enemies.

All theſe tribes do not dreſs in the ſame manner. Some of them wear a coat which reaches from the ſhoulder to the knee. This dreſs, which is uſed only by the men, is made of coarſe cotton cloth. The women wear only a kind of ſhort apron, to cover their nakedneſs. Others go quite naked, decorating, however, their heads with feathers. They perforate the noſe and under-lip, and ſtick pieces of muſcle ſhells in them, and tatoo their faces and other parts of their bodies with various figures. Among ſome of the tribes, the traveller diſcovers faint traces of civilization and culture: but others, again, are altogether ſavages, and even feed upon human fleſh. Of the latter

deſcription are the Caſibos and Carapachos. Theſe, as likewiſe the numerous tribe of Chipeos, have ſo white a colour, and ſo ſtrong a beard, that they bear a greater reſemblance to the inhabitants of Flanders, than to the other aboriginal Americans. Among all the tribes ſettled on the banks of the Ucayali, a kind of circumciſion is performed upon perſons of both ſexes. The young girls are married here at the early age of ſeven, eight, or nine years. Polygamy is likewiſe eſtabliſhed among them, whence ariſe great domeſtic diſturbances. The huſband very frequently divorces his wife, in which caſe ſhe is at liberty to marry again.

Neither theſe tribes, nor the inhabitants of the Pampa del Sacramento, dwell in villages, or aſſemblages of houſes; but conſtruct large houſes, ſome of which are one or two Spaniſh *quadras** in length. Each of theſe houſes contains, in ſeparate diviſions, not merely a ſingle family, but a whole community, conſiſting of ſeveral families. Almoſt every half league one meets with one of theſe huge dwelling-places. The light is admitted through apertures in the roof. They bear the names of the ſerpents, birds, and fiſhes, after which the community inhabiting them call themſelves, for the purpoſe of diſtinguiſhing themſelves from other neighbouring communities.

The Indian women, who inhabit the ſhadowy banks of the Napo, which flows into the Amazon River, ſtill paint themſelves in the ſame manner as in the time of Orellana and Marannos, with whom they fought ſeveral bloody battles. Hence probably originated the name of that river, and the erroneous opinion, which ſo generally gained belief, that its banks were excluſively occupied by a nation of warlike Amazons. Perhaps the firſt invaders came hither at the ſeaſon of the year when the men ſtray for a conſiderable time into the interior of the country, for the purpoſe of hunting and fiſhing, ſo that the defence of their habitations was left to the women.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* In Spain, a *quadra* generally denotes a ſpace of a hundred ells; but in ſome places, it denotes more, and in others leſs.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, July 13.

CHARACTER.

WOOD AND OTHERS *v.* BURROUGHS.

MR. GARROW ſtated this to be an action againſt the defendant for giving to the plaintiff a falſe character, of and concerning

concerning Mrs. Howe, who was become insolvent, and who the plaintiff had trusted, in consequence of the character given of her by the defendant; and had lost upwards of 50l. upon the balance of accounts, she having once owed the plaintiffs upwards of 90l. but had reduced it by payments to about 50l. He laid down this to be the present rule of law on the subject of giving a character, and to which Mr. Erskine, as counsel for the defendant, assented, "That if a person applies to another for the character of a third person, and that other gives of that third person a character, which he either knows to be false, or does not know to be true, he shall be answerable in damages to the person who suffers a loss by giving credit on the strength of such a character;" and this was the common sense of the thing, there was no hardship in it: in the first place, to give a person a character he did not deserve—was immoral on the face of it—So was it to give a character, without knowing any thing about the matter, and nobody was bound to give another a character at all.

The circumstances of this case, as they appeared in evidence, were shortly these:—The defendant is a farmer near Holbeach, known to the plaintiffs. Mrs. Howe was his sister. On the 5th of June, 1802, he and his sister came to the plaintiff's warehouse in London; said he had brought them a good customer; that she was going to begin business at Norwich; "that she wanted goods." Said one of the witnesses, Benjamin Crosby, who was warehouseman to the plaintiffs, "In our way, hoped we should use her well, and that our money was safe," upon which they trusted her.—She is insolvent.

Another witness, Thomas Wainwright, described the matter thus—"The defendant said of his sister, that she would be in want of goods in their (the plaintiff's) line—that she was going to begin business at Norwich, and their money would be safe."—or your money is safe, or something tantamount to that—I think the words were, "your money shall be safe."

There was a great deal of evidence to shew that this lady had failed in business as a milliner in Norwich, where she had been guilty of certain indiscretions, having had a child there by illicit amours, and having become negligent of a business in which at first she had an opportunity of thriving, &c. and that her brother determined on removing her to London, having remitted to her 100l. a little before she left Norwich, where she had remained eleven months, &c. so that there would have been many circumstances to go to the jury to consider whether the defendant knew, or had reason to believe his sister was insolvent, at the time he recommended her to the plaintiffs. But—

Lord Ellenborough put to the jury a previous question, the determination of which in one way might put an end to the enquiry. The question was, whether on this evidence, the jury

believed that the defendant ſaid to the plaintiffs, " Uſe her well, and your money *will* be ſafe;" or, " Uſe her well, and your money *ſhall* be ſafe?"

The jury found that the words were, " your money *ſhall* be ſafe."

Lord Ellenborough.—" That is an undertaking to pay the debt of another, and void by the ſtatute of frauds, becauſe it was not in writing.—Call the plaintiff."—Plaintiff nonſuited.

EPISODE *from the* LIFE *of* MARMONTEL.

A Muleteer from Aurillac, who paſſed his life on the road between Clermont and Toulouſe, undertook to conduct me. I went on one of his mules, and he, generally on foot, by my ſide.—" Mr. Abbe," ſaid he to me, " we ſhall be obliged to ſtop ſome days at home, for I have buſineſs that will detain me there. In God's name, employ this interval of time in curing my daughter of her fooliſh devotion. I have but her, and were an angel to aſk her ſhe would not marry him. Her obſtinacy afflicts me." The commiſſion was delicate; I found it comical, and willingly undertook it. I confeſs I had figured to myſelf as very poor and humble, the dwelling of a man who was trotting inceſſantly at the tail of his mules, now expoſed to rain, and now to the bleak ſnow, on the rougheſt roads. I was therefore not a little ſurpriſed on entering, to find a convenient houſe, well furniſhed, and of ſingular neatneſs, and alſo a kind of grey-clad fiſter, young, freſh, well made, who haſtened to meet Peter (this was the name of the muleteer), and who embraced him as ſhe uttered the endearing name of father. The ſupper ſhe ordered for us had no leſs the air of comfort. The leg of mutton was tender, and the wine excellent. The chamber they gave me had, in its ſimplicity, almoſt the elegance of luxury. I had never lain in ſo ſoft a bed.

Before I went to ſleep, I reflected on what I had ſeen. " Is it," ſaid I to myſelf, " in order to paſs a few hours of his life at his eaſe, that this man tortures and conſumes the reſt of it in ſuch painful labour? No; he labours to procure tranquillity and repoſe for old age; and it is the proſpect of this repoſe that lightens his fatigues. But this only daughter, whom he loves ſo tenderly, what can have perſuaded her, young and beautiful as ſhe is, to wear the habit of a nun? Why is that grey coloured dreſs, that unplaited linen, that golden croſs on her breaſt, and that cloſe handkerchief on her boſom? Yet the hair ſhe conceals under that fillet is of a ſweet colour. The little that can be ſeen of her neck is white as ivory.—And her arms! they too are of pure ivory, and incomparably turned!" I fell aſleep on theſe reflections, and the next morning I had the pleaſure of breakfaſting with

with this fair votary. She obligingly inquired whether I had ſlept well?" "I ſlept very ſweetly," ſaid I;" but not tranquilly—I was troubled with dreams. And you, Mademoiſelle, did you ſleep well?"—" Tolerably well, thank God," ſaid ſhe. —" Did you dream?" She bluſhed, and anſwered that ſhe very rarely dreamt. " And when you do dream, it is ſurely of angels?"—" Sometimes of martyrs," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling.— " Then it is of the martyrs you make——?" " I! I make none, Sir." " I will wager you make more than one! though you do not boaſt of it. As for me, when, in my ſleep, I ſee the heavens open, I ſcarcely ever dream but of virgins. I behold them, ſome in white, and others in a waiſt and petticoat of grey ſerge; and theſe ſimple dreſſes become them more than the richeſt ornament. Nothing, in that ſimple attire, impairs the native beauty of their hair or their complexion; nothing obſcures the luſtre of a pure forehead or of a roſy cheek; no plait deformed the figure; a ſtrait girdle marks and indicates its roundneſs. An arm of lilies, and a fair hand, with roſy fingers, iſſue juſt as Heaven made them, from a plain and modeſt ſleeve; and what their cloſe handkerchief conceals is eaſily divined. But whatever pleaſure I may have in thus ſeeing, as I ſleep, all theſe young virgins in Heaven, I confeſs I am a little afflicted at finding them ſo ill placed." " Where then do you find them placed?" enquired ſhe, with ſome embarraſſment. " Alas! quite in a corner, almoſt alone, and, what vexes me ſtill more, by the ſide of the capuchin monks."—" By the ſide of the capuchins!" cried ſhe, contracting her brow. " Alas! yes; almoſt forſaken; while the auguſt mothers of families, ſurrounded by the children they have borne, by the huſbands they have already rendered ſo happy on earth, by their parents, whoſe age they conſoled and comforted, are placed on a diſtinguiſhed eminence, in the view of all Heaven, and all brilliant with glory." " And prieſts," enquired ſhe with a malicious air, " where are they put?" " If there be any," anſwered I, " they are ſurely thruſt into ſome corner at a diſtance from that of the virgins." " Indeed, I believe it," ſaid ſhe, " that is exceedingly proper, for prieſts would be to them moſt dangerous neighbours."

Honeſt Peter was very much amuſed at this diſpute on our profeſſions. He had never ſeen his daughter ſo lively, nor ſo talkative; for I took care, as Montagne ſays, to put into my provocation a ſweet ſour point of winning, flattering gaiety, that, while it ſeemed to diſpleaſe, was not unwelcome to her. At laſt, her father, the evening before we ſet off for Toulouſe, took me alone into his chamber, and ſaid to me:—" I ſee plainly, Mr. Abbe, that you and my daughter will never agree. Let us put an end to this diſpute between a nun and an abbe: the means are eaſy; do you caſt off theſe bands, and let her throw away her collar; and I have ſome notion that if you be inclined, ſhe would

would not want much perſuaſion to be inclined too. As to what regards me, I have for ten years done the commiſſions of your honeſt father; I am told by every one that you are like him, and I'll act roundly and cordially with you." He then opened one of the drawers of his bureau, and, ſhewing the piles of crowns, "Look ye," ſaid he, "in buſineſs, there is but one word neceſſary—here is what I have ſaved, and what I am ſtill hoarding up for my grand-children, if my daughter ſhould bleſs me with any; for your children if you chooſe, and can perſuade her." I will not ſay, that the ſight of this treaſure did not at all tempt me. The offer was the more ſeducing to me, as honeſt Peter made no other condition than that of rendering his daughter happy. "I ſhall continue," ſaid he, "to drive my mules: at every journey I ſhall augment this pile of crowns as I paſs, and you ſhall diſpoſe of them; my life is a life of labour and fatigue, I will not quit while I have health and ſtrength, and when my back ſhall be bent, and my hams ſtiffened with age, I'll come and finiſh my days quietly with you."—"Ah! my good friend," ſaid I, "who deſerves better than you the gentle repoſe of a happy and long age; But what are you thinking of, when you propoſe to marry your daughter to a man who has already five children?—"You, Mr. Abbe! five children at your age!"—"It is indeed true. Have I not two ſiſters and three brothers? Am not I their only father? It is from my labours, not from your's, that they muſt live: it is I who ſupport them." "And do you think you can earn as much with your Latin as I with my mules?" "I hope ſo," ſaid I; "but I will at leaſt do all that depends on me."—"Then you won't have my little nun? yet ſhe is very pretty, and particularly ſo ſince you have ruffled her a little."—"Certainly," ſaid I, ſhe is charming and lovely; and ſhe would tempt me more than your crowns. But, as I have already told you, nature has thrown five children into my arms; marriage would ſoon bring five others, and perhaps, more, for your devotees are very prolific, and I ſhould then be too much embarraſſed."—"'Tis a pity," ſaid he, "my daughter will now never marry." "I think I can aſſure you," ſaid I, "that ſhe has no longer the ſame averſion to marriage. I have taught her, that in Heaven, good mothers are far above virgins; and, by chooſing a huſband that pleaſes her, it will be eaſy to inſtil into her ſoul this new ſpecies of devotion." My prediction was realiſed.

ANECDOTES *of the celebrated* FELIX FONTANA.

THE Chevalier Felix Fontana, director of the royal muſeum of Florence, died in that city on the 9th of March, at the age of about 76 years. He expired, to uſe a happy expreſſion

of his own rival, Fabroni, "full of his glory." He was ſeized about 27 days before with an apoplexy, with which he fell down half dead: the duc de Bonnelli, who was paſſing at the time, ran to his aſſiſtance. This attack ſcarcely left him the neceſſary degree of recollection for ſettling the diſpoſal of his effects in favour of his parents, his friends, and domeſtics. The phyſical ſciences have loſt in the perſon of Fontana, a man who cultivated them with the greateſt ardour. Italy in particular regrets in him one of her brighteſt ornaments. He had a wonderful talent at obſervation; he poſſeſſed great vigour of conception, an uncommon clearneſs of judgement, and a perſeverance even to obſtinacy in whatever he undertook. Of this, the laborious and multiplied experiments which he made on the poiſon of the viper, furniſh a ſtrong proof, as well as all thoſe experiments by which he has thrown additional light on various parts of animal economy.

The cabinet of Florence owes to his perſevering courage, which was only rouſed the more by difficulties and obſtacles, the vaſt collection, the only one of the kind in Europe, of models in wax of every ſort, executed under his moſt aſſiduous direction. To him alſo it is indebted for two ſtatues in wood, which may be taken to pieces. The one could not be finiſhed during his life time, and perhaps never will after his death. One is aſtoniſhed in learning that it is already compoſed of ſix thouſand different pieces of wood, deſigned to ſhew the whole ſyſtem, the entrails, and membranes of the human body. Theſe labours, though aſſiduouſly purſued, ſtill left him time to cultivate the other branches of phyſical ſcience, upon which he has publiſhed works in Italian and French. His language was eloquent and perſpicuous, a quality which he ſhared with his celebrated brother Gregoire Fontana. He has left his friends and the learned a regret at his death, equal to the high reputation which he acquired with his cotemporaries, and will acquire with poſterity.

His obſequies have been celebrated with great ſolemnity in his pariſh; his body was opened in the preſence of the moſt celebrated profeſſors; his remains have been depoſited in a leaden coffin, with the principal circumſtances of his life written on parchment, which has been incloſed in a metallic tube well ſoldered. The coffin, placed in a caſe of fir, was three days after carried and depoſited in the earth under the public chapel of the minor conventical brothers of S'. Croix, beſide the aſhes of Galileo and Viviani; of Michael Angelo, and Machiavel. One of his executors, M. Pierre Ferroni, a celebrated mathematician, will exert all his care and zeal, to make known to the republic of letters the precious manuſcripts left by this celebrated natural philoſopher.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION *of an* ELEPHANT HUNT.

[From a late American Paper.]

A Gentleman at Lucknow, gives the following account of a late hunt of his excellency the nawab. The object of this attack was a wild elephant. We eſpied him on a large plain, overgrowing with graſs. The nawab, eager for ſuch diverſions, immediately formed a ſemi-circle with four hundred elephants, who were directed to advance and encircle him. When the ſemi-circle of elephants got within three hundred yards of the wild one, he looked amazed but not frighted; two large Muſt (high in the rut) elephants of the Nawab's, were ordered to advance againſt him; when they approached within twenty yards, he charged them; the ſhock was dreadful; however the wild one conquered, and drove the Muſt elephants with thick ropes to go alongſide of him, and endeavouring to entangle him with the nooſes and running knots, the attempt was in vain, as he ſnapped every rope; and none of the tame elephants could ſtop his progreſs.

The nawab, perceiving it impoſſible to catch him, ordered his death; and immediately a volley of about one hundred ſhots were fired. Many of the ſhots hit him, but he ſeemed unconcerned, and moved on towards the mountains. An inceſſant fire was kept up for near an hour. Some of the Kandanar horſes gallopped up to him, and made cuts at him with their ſabres, but he charged them with vigour that defied their efforts, until exhauſted with the loſs of blood, having received above two hundred ſhots, and many ſtrokes of the ſabre, he ſlackened his pace, quite calm and ſerene, as if determined to meet his approaching end with the undaunted firmneſs of a hero.

The horſemen ſeeing him weak and ſlow, diſmounted, and with their ſwords began a furious attack on the tendons of his hind legs; they were ſoon cut. Unable to proceed, this noble monarch of the woods ſtaggered, looked with an eye of reproach mixed with contempt at his unfeeling foes, and then fell without a groan. The hatchetmen now advanced, and commenced an attack on his large ivory tuſks. The fight was affecting; he ſtill breathed, and breathed without a groan; he rolled his eyes with an anguiſh on the ſurrounding crowd, and making a laſt effort to riſe, expired with a ſigh! The nawab then returned to his tent, flushed with exultation.

REFLECTION.

THE more experience we gain, and the wiſer we become, the leſs we ſhall be diſpoſed to indulge in an exceſſive attachment to our own opinions and maxims.

Profeſſor Gellert's Advice to his Pupils, delivered in the Univerſity of Leipſic.

YOUNG men! let me conjure you to recollect frequently, nay, daily, that the only way to enjoy tranquillity, content, and felicity, and to die in poſſeſſion of theſe bleſſings, is conſtantly to ſtudy wiſdom, and to practiſe virtue and piety; the only means of obtaining the comfort of a good conſcience. Remember that there exiſts no real happineſs for man, but that of feeding his mind each day with the ſalutary precepts of natural and revealed religion, conforming his conduct exactly to its principles; that the ſooner he enters the path of virtue, the more eaſy and agreeable he will find it; and that every duty preſcribed to us by God has our happineſs for its object. Recollect, therefore, continually, that the young man, and the man of riper years, can alone cleanſe his way by taking heed to it, according to the word of God. Let the whole tenour of your life be a practical, rational, and truly Chriſtian courſe of morality. Apply yourſelves to it with all poſſible care and zeal.

However earneſtly we may and do endeavour to perform this duty, it is nevertheleſs impoſſible for us, by our natural ſtrength, to become wiſe and virtuous. I have always laboured to bring you back to this principle, with which religion and experience furniſh us; never loſe ſight of it. Man is by nature in a ſtate of infirmity and depravity, which does not allow him to attain, by his own exertions, the recovery and happineſs of his ſoul. As men and as Chriſtians we muſt ſeek from God, and according to the means he has pointed out to us, the power of becoming virtuous in heart and mind. It is an important duty which reſults from the faith and obedience we owe to our Creator and Sovereign Maſter, and is alſo the firſt ſtep towards felicity. In conducting us to it, the feeble glimmerings of reaſon lead us to the brightneſs of revelation. By the aſſiſtance of reaſon we may certainly practiſe many apparent virtues, and abſtain from many vices, but it is not in the power of reaſon to regenerate our hearts.

Let us then be careful to baniſh every falſe and ſuperſtitious idea of virtue. Virtue is not confined to our underſtanding; it does not conſiſt in ſome detached good actions; it does not conſiſt in what proceeds from the lips, or in a grave demeanour. It is not that outward decency and propriety of conduct, with which the world is ſatisfied; it is not a hypocritical bigotry, nor the gloomy devotion of a recluſe; neither is it a mere happy natural diſpoſition. It is the fruit of wiſdom, and a conſtant endeavour to reduce its dictates to practice; it is the choiceſt bleſſing God beſtows on us, not ſuddenly, but by degrees; not without our conſent, but by a rational uſe of the means he has appointed for its attainment.

POETRY.

On the RUINS *of a* RELIGIOUS HOUSE.

HAIL, awful pile! by pious hands uprear'd,
To pale misfortune's sorrowing sons endear'd,
Where oft the bleeding heart, from day to day,
Wept o'er its woes, and sigh'd itself away.
While pensive o'er thy fall'n remains I tread,
And mark the ruins of thy glory fled,
The ivy-mantled tow'rs that round me rise,
The chasms thro' which thy own sad genius sighs,
The broken arches, the deserted shrines,
The solemn gloom, where scarce a sun-beam shines,
My soul detests the blind infuriate rage,
Which, while it crush'd the abuses of the age,
Dar'd too on thee its impious hands to lay,
And sweep thy country's ornament away.

No more, alas! a refuge here is found,
No more the pitying fathers melt around,
No more compassion sooths the tortur'd breast,
No more submission makes those tortures blest,
No more within thy walls devotion dwells,
No more the anthem's solemn cadence swells,
No more, with transport beaming in his eye,
While yet on earth, the inmate of the sky,
Th' impatient spirit waits the wish'd for lot,
Where time and care are with their griefs forgot.

Where once, in works of tenderness and love,
The transcripts of the gentle Jesus strove,
And sympathy would oft its vigils keep
By the pale wretch, and weep with them that weep;
Where oft, the hallow'd taper in his hand,
Beside the expiring saint, the saint would stand,
Pour on the soul the sweet celestial balm,
Which Gilead drops, our terrors to becalm,
Lift to the cross the languid, dying eye,
Mark what he taught, and learn himself to die.

There dreary solitude in silence dwells,
Unthrong'd the aisles, untenanted the cells;
And where the tranquil group would council hold,
And where their beads the pious fathers told,
And where the cares that wring the breast forgot,
How pray'r would sooth, how praise sublime their lot;
A death-like stillness holds its solemn reign,
Nor aught presumes its empire to arraign,
Save when the melancholy birds of night,
With shrill response to deeds of death invite;
Save when the daw, with pertly clam'rous sound,
Wheels sportively thy battlements around,
And oft, at eve, th' affrighted zephyr moans,
Sighs in the blast, or in the tempest groans.
Ah me! that naught beneath the spangled vault,
Can 'scape th' unhallow'd sceptic's rude assault,
That sorrow's pittance, earn'd with many a tear,
The courtly ruffian's avarice could not spare!

Good

Good God! how long ſhall ſuff'ring man lament
A bleſſing promis'd, but a ſcorpion ſent!
How long ſhall wrathful vengeance thus delay,
To cruſh the traitor, and avenge the prey?

Where now ſhall pining anguiſh hide its head?
Where find the peace thy friendly roof would ſhed?
Where ſhall this breaking heart for refuge fly,
The world renounce, and all its ſpite defy?
Alas! of all our pious fathers pains,
Not e'en one lonely ſanctu'ry remains;
O'erwhelm'd in reformation's frantic tide,
The wreck alone frowns dark on ev'ry ſide,
Their boſoms bar'd to ev'ry ruffian blaſt,
Their plunder'd ſpoils 'mid courtly minions caſt:
Alike of tenants and of means bereft,
To prompt, but not to huſh my ſighs, is left.
——O! had th' unhappy——lot been caſt,
In diſtant days, ere yet thy noon was paſt;
Ere folly yet its blaſting courſe had run,
Or Henry's guilt his country's pride undone;
Thine, then, perhaps, had been the taſk divine,
To cheer, to heal this bleeding breaſt of mine;
Some kindred mind, long on the tempeſt toſs'd,
Whoſe pangs, but not whoſe ſympathy, was loſt,
With tender intereſt had my ſoul explor'd,
And on its wounds compaſſion's balſam pour'd,
Bath'd with its tears my fainting dying heart,
Now lull'd its woe, now taught to bear the ſmart.

O could I now my weary footſteps bend,
To climes where yet thy kindred ſpires aſcend,
Perhaps ſome frowning Alp, ſome dreary dell,
Might yield to wretchedneſs like mine a cell;
Perhaps, where vaſt St. Lawrence rapid tides,
Torn from its native ſhores, Montreal divides,
Some gen'rous foe, no more by injury wrung,
No more by native hate and diſcord ſtung,
Me to his cell with welcome kind would greet,
And, like a brother found, rejoicing meet;
Dear thought! O how it lulls my tortur'd mind!
In but a gleam of hope what ſweets we find!
And are there yet, beneath the ſtarry rounds,
Thoſe who can feel for diſappointment's wounds,
Thoſe who can reliſh pity's bleſt employ,
And change the tears of grief to tears of joy?
Yes, happy iſle, in thy monaſtic ſhade,
Ere long ſhall —— hide his weary head,
Reſign each flatt'ring dream of bliſs on earth,
Reſign the hope that gave th' illuſions birth,
Thy ſons, with more exalted views impreſs'd,
Shall root th' impoiſon'd paſſion from my breaſt,
Point to more rich purſuits my active mind,
And teach me where content and peace to find;
With them I'll run devotion's ardent race,
With them the ample range of ſcience trace;
Each ſhall with each in kindeſt cares contend,
And his the palm who proves the gentleſt friend;
Thus ſhall our years their deſtin'd circles run,
Placid as ſinks the ſummer's evening ſun;
Thus will we wait 'till that bleſt morn ariſe,
Which drops the curtain, and unfolds the ſkies.
——'Tis done—I go—acroſs the diſtant main,
Content of mind, and eaſe of heart to gain;

'Tis

Good

—'Tis well, ſhould zephyrs waft me to *this* ſhore—
'Twere better ſhould my bark be ſeen no more,
Then lodged in ſome unfathom'd cavern deep,
Tempeſts ſhall rock my reſtleſs cares to ſleep;
While o'er my head th' arboring corals meet,
And tangled weeds weave round my winding ſheet,
And hoarſe and deep the ſtound'ring ocean's ſwell,
Sounds thro' its caves my ſolemn, parting, fun'ral knell.

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For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE WATER-LILY.

NYMPH of the brook! whoſe lovely hue,
Attracts me while I lonely view,
Thy form divinely fair;
Pleas'd I behold thy beauteous form,
Adorn'd with ev'ry graceful charm,
Unours'd by art or care.

While ſportive naiads round thee throng,
Thoſe beauties that to thee belong
With pleaſure I ſurvey;
Still ſeeking in thy frame to find,
An emblem of the human mind,
In ſemblance to pourtray.

How bleſt the nymph! whoſe charms divine,
Like thee in ſpotleſs beauties ſhine,
To whom fair virtue's given;
Amid thoſe graces that unite,
'Tis there my ſoul would taſte delight,
'Tis there would find a heaven.

Clowance. T. RUTGER.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

THE tardy day begins in tears;
And ſee, above yon rugged hill
Many a ſullen cloud appears,
Riſing in thick ſucceſſion ſtill,
As boding to th' enquiring view,
'Twill cloſe with weeping too!

Such of my life the miſty morn;
The guſhing tear bedims its dawn,
Unbleſt with one aſſuaſive ray;
And ſtill with ſcowling ken, deſpair
Points to many a coming care,
To cloud its future day.

Then come, ye woes! let none your courſe controul,
You'll ſpeed, at leaſt, my term of hopeleſs light;
Bring ſwifter darkneſs as ye roll,
And ſhroud me with an earlier night!

EPIGRAM *on an* EPIGRAM.

THE qualities all in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never ſhould fail;
The body ſhould always be little and ſweet,
And a ſting ſhould be felt in its tail.